A New SONG OF AN ORANGE

To the Tune of, *The PUDDING.*

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA

I.

GOod People come buy
The Fruit that I cry,
That now is in Seaſon, tho' Winter is nigh;
'Twill do you all good,
And ſweeten your Blood, (ſtood
I'm ſure it will pleaſe when you've once under-
'tis an *Orange.*

II.

It's Cordial Juice,
Does much Vigour produce,
I may well recommend it to every Mans uſe,
Tho' ſome it quite chills,
And with fear almoſt kills;
Yet certain each Healthy Mans benefit feels
by an *Orange.*

III.

To make Claret go down,
Sometimes there is found
A jolly good Health, to paſs pleaſantly round;
But yet, I'll proteſt,
Without any Jeſt,
No Flavour is better then that of the taſte
of an *Orange.*

IV.

Perhaps you may think
At *White-H*---- they ſtink,
Becauſe that our Neighbor's come over the Sea
Yet ſure, 'tis preſum'd
That they may be perfum'd
By the ſcent of a Clove, when once it is ſtuck
in an *Orange.*

V.

If they'd Cure the Ayls
Of the P---- of *Wa*---
When the Milk of Milch *Tyler* does not well (agree
Tho' he's ſubject to Caſt,
They may better the Taſte,
Yet let them take heed leſt it Curdle at laſt
with an *Orange.*

VI.

Old Stories rehearſe,
In Proſe and in Verſe,
How a *Welch* Child was found by loving of
So this will be known, (Cheeſe
If it be the Q---s own;
For the taſte it utterly then will diſown
of an *Orange.*

VII.

Tho' the Mobile Bawl,
Like the Devil and all,
For Religion, Property, Juſtice, and Laws;
Yet in very good ſooth,
I'll tell you the Truth,
There nothing is better to ſtop a Man's Mouth
then an *Orange.*

VIII.

We are certainly told,
That by *Adam* of old,
Himſelf and his Bearns for an Apple was ſold,
And who knows but his Son,
By Serpents undone,
And his *jugling Eve* may by chance loſe her *own*
for an *Orange.*

FINIS.

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